Do you ever dream, my sweetheart, of a twilight long ago,
Of a park in old Kalgoorlie, where the Bougainville’s grow,
Where the moonbeams on the pathways trace a shimmering brocade,
And the overhanging peppers form a lovers’ promenade?
Where in soft cascades of cadence from a garden close at hand,
Came the murmurous, mellow music of a sweet, orchestral band.
Years have flown since then, my sweetheart, fleet as orchard blooms in May,
But the hour that fills my dreaming, was it only yesterday?